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*How the Pilgrim Spirit Came to Illinois*



# A Pageant

written and presented by the  
students and faculty of the

*Kenilworth, Ill.*

*New Trier Township High School*

in commemoration of the tercentenary  
of the landing of the Pilgrims

NEW TRIER AUDITORIUM

May 20 and 21, 1921 : 8 p.m.

*Souvenir Program Fifty Cents*



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## FOREWORD

"If God prosper us, we shall here begin a work that shall last for ages; we shall plant here a new society in the principles of the fullest liberty and the purest religion; we shall subdue this wilderness which is before us; we shall fill the region of the great continent, almost from pole to pole, with civilization and Christianity; the temples of the true God shall rise where now ascends the smoke of idolatrous sacrifices; fields and gardens, the flowers of Summer, and the waving and golden harvest of Autumn shall spread over a thousand hills and stretch along a thousand valleys never yet, since the creation, reclaimed to the use of civilized man. We shall whiten this coast with the canvas of a prosperous commerce; we shall stud the long and winding shore with a hundred cities; that which we sow in weakness shall be raised in strength."—Daniel Webster speaking for the Pilgrim Fathers.

Our Pageant, "How the Pilgrim Spirit Came to Illinois," is New Trier's contribution to the nation-wide celebration of the tercentenary of our Pilgrim Fathers. To it we welcome all our New Trier and North Shore friends.

The book has been composed under the skilful and devoted direction of Miss Wilson and is the result of the collaboration of the teachers on the Historical and Book Committees and three pupils, James Burnham, Montgomery Major, the writer of the prologue and the Chronicler's speeches and Dwight Chapman who wrote the verses of dedication.

Miss Sampson, Miss Goodman and Mr. Jackson are responsible for the charm and originality of the dances. The music is furnished by our school orchestra under the inspiration of Mrs. Cotton's guidance.

The designs for the costumes are the clever work of Miss Murphy in our Art department. Miss Moschel in Domestic Science has given the skill of her department in the making. On the sewing, material assistance has been given by several of the girls, Jessie Robinson, Elizabeth Munroe, Dorothy Whidden, Virginia Ogan and Emily Hadley. To Miss Murphy and Miss King in checking up costumes, Edna Petersen, Margaret Bennett and Ruth Boots have given their help.

To the office force one and all we are grateful for their service on the clerical work; in particular to Miss Quarnstrom for her excellent typing of the many copies of the book. The pupils of the typwriting classes have also given us much help in this particular.

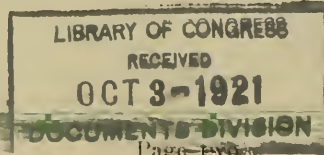
Our friends from outside the school have been most generous in the loaning of costumes and accessories. They too share in our heartiest appreciation for all the services rendered us.

The production itself bespeaks the able direction of Miss Stanwood, our dramatic coach, and Miss Grover with her stage assistants, Bradlee Pruden, Claude Burbach, Robert Wienecke, Del Worthington and Lofal Markle.

The making of this attractive souvenir book has been in the hands of Mr. Kahler.

For the material in Episode IV, we are indebted to Thomas Woods Stevens' "Historical Pageant of Illinois."

ELIZABETH E. PACKER.



### DEDICATION

*Marquette, LaSalle, Oh, valiant men  
Whose vision this great state could see,  
Whose hands a Nation's future wrought  
Through rugged strength and bravery,  
To thee this work we dedicate  
That as thy deeds we imitate  
Their meaning be of such a weight  
As once they were to thee.  
Thou didst not wield it all in vain  
That Spirit which so prompted thee.  
Behold! A living Monument  
Beside the mighty inland sea.  
And so we now commemorate,  
As founding of our own dear state,  
Thy deeds, whose fullest purpose Fate  
Did not reveal to thee.*

DWIGHT CHAPMAN.



THE GREY CHAMPION  
Carleton Varney



*How the Pilgrim Spirit Came to Illinois*

THE DANCE OF THE WINDS AND WAVES



THE DANCE OF THE WINDS  
AND WAVES

Katherine Newey, Helen English  
and Agnes Bieseimer

PROLOGUE

Here on the shores of Michigan we stand.  
In thought we contemplate another shore,  
And praise a people dead, a storied Past,  
With heroes and with noble purpose filled.  
Deathless is their name, that Pilgrim band  
Who first defied the Powers which rule the sea,  
And in their bark o'er stormy waves  
Undaunted turned their course towards Liberty.  
To Plymouth Bay we turn, and to its coast  
Rock-bound, birth-place of Liberty and Hope,  
Where dwelt a stalwart race of honest men  
Who placed their principles before their life.  
Who dared to worship as they deemed the right,  
Who fearing God feared not the puny Man.  
To Plymouth Bay we turn, to Plymouth Town.  
There was the seed of Greatness first implanted.  
And yet, what need is there to-day to deck  
The altars of the Past with votive wreaths  
And hail the Dead, however great, and bend

The humble knee before the heroed Past?  
 These ashes long-since cold we still revere  
 But why? What link connects the pictured Past,  
 Embroidered with its ancient gems of fame,  
 With this, the bustling Present, thronged with life?  
 What bond between these shores, these citted shores  
 And those which first the Pilgrims left in hope,  
 And those where first they landed in despair;  
 But lived to conquer and to bless with life,  
 A life which still is deep implanted there  
 And from which sprang this nation's honored might?  
 The bond between us is the link of life.  
 This storied Past our precious heritage.  
 As from the Book of Life we learn the Truth,  
 So from the age-wise Past we learn the Source  
 Of national Life which must be pure.  
 This Source is Men. And we embody here  
 In the Grey Champion the virtues sage  
 And attributes of our great Source of Life,  
 The Pilgrim band. The attributes lie deep,  
 And hidden are in peace and happiness.  
 But let grim Strife arise and lo! awakes  
 This same Grey Champion to lead and win,  
 He is our honor, courage, strength and hope,  
 The Champion of Liberty and Right.

MONTGOMERY MAJOR



#### DUTCH GROUP

Constance von Weller, Eva Mae Mortimer, Margaret Bennett, Wilma Cresmer and Sidney Spiegel.

## INTRODUCTION TO EPISODE I. *The Chronicler*

Let us review the scenes of ancient time,  
Reread each chapter of the noble Past.  
From England first we trace the troubled course  
To Holland, and we mark the solemn scene  
When they departed to defy the waves  
And bear their dauntless Love of Liberty  
To this, our mighty Land.

### EPISODE I

#### LIFE OF THE PILGRIMS IN HOLLAND

##### A. A street scene in Leyden

*Street scene in Holland. Sabbath Day. Dutch children frolic, dance, and sing. They are in Dutch costume, holiday attire. A Dutch youth stands off at one side. Does not participate in games. Several girls laughingly reproach him, begging him to join them. He declines. Two groups of Puritan fathers enter with their children on their way to church. They greet each other. The Puritan men avoid looking at the scene of festivity. They carry Bibles, and are in sober garb. The Puritan children show interest in the game, and slip away to watch. The father of one of the children approaches group of dancers, and returns with his child.*

FIRST FATHER: Wilt thou profane the Sabbath with ungodly levity?  
Who can deny that our children are yielding to the temptation with which they are surrounded?

SECOND FATHER: With what high hopes did we come to this city?  
'Tis true we found the freedom that we sought, but now our children disregard the laws that bind us (*looks at child*) forget that they are English; and what we sought to gain seems lost.

*Enter Robinson, Bradford, Standish, Carver, etc.*

STANDISH *to Carver continuing a conversation begun off stage.* You need not fear the savages, for, although I have but few men, they are brave and well-trained, and it would take more than Indians to daunt them.

BRADFORD: Can a few hardships hold us back from an undertaking such as this? In all the world it is the place best suited, and I for one will go.

SECOND FATHER *to Carver*: You feel, then, that the hour has come when we must once more journey forth?

CARVER: Yea, rather the danger of the savage Indians than this life here among our kindly neighbors. In the wilderness we can make our home and bring up our children to maintain our ideals of sobriety and decorum.

*They look with disapproval at the group of dancers*

ANOTHER FATHER: If the leaders of our band think wise, and the majority of our number agree to take this step, we shall pluck up courage to face the dangers that await us on sea and land.

*Pilgrim fathers still talking among themselves go off.*

*Dance is resumed, and finally the dancers depart.*



## B. DEPARTURE OF THE PILGRIMS.

DUTCH LEADER: These English have lived among us now these twelve years, and yet we never had any suit or accusation against them.  
Curtain

End of Episode I.

## INTRODUCTION TO EPISODE II. *The Chronicler*

Across the pathless ocean have they sailed  
From Holland to this hostile-seeming shore.  
The angry winds have led them far astray  
And brought their bark into an unknown sea.  
We see them on the shore, unconquered still  
By all the ills harsh Nature has devised  
To fill their hearts with servile fear, and bend  
Their backs, submissive slaves of jealous Fate.  
Ready they stand to fight, to strive, to will,  
Undaunted by disaster and by need.  
The funeral of Carver then behold  
And all the dread effects of Famine gaunt.  
Yet Faith sustains the band and Fear must flee.  
For those who strive there is no fear.  
And then the Maypole dance at Merrymount  
Where Gaiety abounds, Religion flees,  
And Mirth is king, crowned with a cap of bells  
He reigns a sceptered fool, a foolish king.  
But then behold the Pilgrim band advance,  
Recovered from the dread of Hunger's might.  
Miles Standish at their head, the force appears  
To quell Mad Folly and to change his cap  
Bedight with bells for a more grave attire.  
But, though the Gaiety of Merrymount  
By Standish is suppressed, its boisterous Mirth  
Softens the stern alloy of Pilgrim virtues  
With gentle Joy which is but Mirth well-bred.

## EPISODE II

### LIFE AND ACTIVITIES OF THE PILGRIMS

#### A. The Settlement of the Pilgrims

The Notables of the first episode; Bradford, Brewster, Carver, Winslow, the Holland boy and the English girl (mentioned before) wives and children, Peregrine White, the baby born during the voyage. These people appear in a woodland scene carrying their belongings as if they had just embarked. Indians watch through the shrubbery. One darts out, and runs off with some small object upon which a Puritan has just turned his back. The Puritan men drag the Indian into the open; other Indians follow.

*Samoset advances to Bradford and Standish, and standing at some distance.*

BRADFORD: How is it that you speak the language of the Englishman? We rejoice, but we are surprised to hear our tongue so far from our country.

SAMOSSET: There are fishers on the north coast. They teach us your words. I am your friend, and I teach the white man many things. Our chief too, will help. Go, bring Massasoit. Say to him, white men are here and would have speech with him.

*The friendly chief, Massasoit, appears. He is attended by several Indians.*

BRADFORD: Hail, chief!

MASSASOIT: Welcome, White Brothers!

*They sit down in a circle, and the pipe of peace is smoked. Massasoit is given an English coat of scarlet, trimmed in gold lace, and a copper chain is put about his neck.*

MASSASOIT: My enemies, the Narragansetts are powerful, and their chief hates me and my tribe. Be my friends, and I will help you. I know the river and the woods. Your nets shall be full of fishes, and your grain shall grow.

BRADFORD: We are your friends, and we shall protect each other. For many years your children and our people shall live together in friendship and mutual helpfulness.



THE PILGRIM WOMEN

Katherine Shaw, Harriett Childs  
and Ruth Bower



MILES STANDISH  
Byron Smith



THE SPIRIT OF FEAR  
Stjerna MacGlashan



THE SPIRIT OF FAITH  
Louise Durham



B. The funeral procession of John Carver

*Funeral music. As they go off, three figures creep on stealthily. They are Hunger, Fear, and Disease. They remain to dance, beckoning others to come. The Pilgrims who have now returned, watch with horrible fascination the furious gyrations of the curses. Their depression increases; some sink down, others show the utmost dejection. The figure of Faith appears. The curses start back, and finally disappear. The spirits of the Pilgrims revive, and led by Faith they pass off the stage, erect and confident.*

C. The Maypole of Merry Mount

English Folk Dance

*A tree is carried on by the merry-makers, a crowd of fantastically dressed men and women. Now there appear a youth and maiden, the Lord and Lady of the May. They both wear garlands of roses, and he carries a golden staff in his right hand. Behind them follows an English priest decked with flowers and wearing a chaplet of vine leaves. The revellers crowd around and shower the Lord and Lady of the May with flowers and petals. The mock priest raises his hand to silence the crowd.*

THE MOCK PRIEST: Votaries of the Maypole, cheerily all day long have the woods echoed to your mirth. Be this your merriest hour. Lo, here stand the Lord and Lady of the May, whom I, a clerk of Oxford, and high priest of Merry Mount, am now to join in matrimony. Come: a song rich with mirth of Merry England. All ye that love the May Pole, lend your voices to welcome the Lord and Lady of the May.

*The Lord and Lady of the May take their seats. A riotous uproar from the crowd, and the Maypole dance begins. Toward the close of the dance, Standish followed by six soldiers, appears unnoticed. At the conclusion of the dance, Standish shoulders his way through the crowd. The priest advances to meet him.*

STANDISH *with great dignity*: Stand off, priest of Baal. Shame on you all—frivolous creatures. Know you not that you should fast on festival days and sing psalms?

*The revellers cower*

STANDISH: The Lord hath sanctified this wilderness. Down with this flower decked abomination, the altars of thy worship.

HIS PURITAN FOLLOWERS: Amen.

*The revellers show dismay but offer no resistance.*

*The merry-makers are seized.*

A SOLDIER: What order shall be taken with the prisoners.

STANDISH: I thought not to repent me of cutting down the Maypole, but it would have served rarely for a whipping post.

A SOLDIER: But there are pine trees enough.

STANDISH: Bind the heathen crew, and bestow on them a small matter of stripes apiece, as earnest of our future justice. Let some of the rogues in stocks. Further penalties such as branding and cropping of ears shall be thought of later.

SOLDIER *dragging the Lord and Lady of the May to center*: Here are a couple in high station among these misdoers. Methinks their dignity will not be fitted with less than a double share of stripes.

*The couple stands downcast and apprehensive. The maiden clings to the youth who has thrown a protecting arm around her.*

STANDISH *sternly*: Youth, ye stand in an evil state, thou and thy maiden wife.

LORD OF THE MAY: Stern man, how can I move thee? Were means at hand, I would resist to the death. Being powerless, I entreat! Do with me as thou wilt, but let her go untouched.

STANDISH: Not so. We are not wont to show an idle courtesy to that sex, which requireth the stricter discipline. What sayest thou, maid? Shall thy bridegroom suffer thy share of the penalty, beside his own?

LADY OF THE MAY: Be it death, and lay it all on me.

*Darkness is descending*

STANDISH: Look to it, some of you, that garments of more decent fashion be put on this May lord and his lady. Bring them along with us, but more gently than their fellows. There be qualities in the youth, which may make him valiant to fight, sober to toil, and pious to pray. Nor think ye, young ones, that they are the happiest, even in our life time of a moment, who misspend it in dancing around a May pole.

*However, as they pass off the stage in the semi-darkness, Standish picks up the wreath of roses from the ruin of the May pole and throws it over the heads of the Lord and Lady of the May—a symbol of their union.*

End of Episode II.

### INTRODUCTION TO EPISODE III. *The Chronicler*

Oppression's pall of thunder-cloud o'erhangs.  
The sky of Liberty is darkened. Hark!  
The distant rumble of Rebellion sounds.  
The musketry of proud Oppression's host  
Reverberates. To arms! Freemen strike!  
Let Tyrant and his Hessian hirelings quail!  
Behold the strife. See Liberty arise,  
The monarch of a new-born nation's might.  
And ever waxes strong the land despite  
Its strifes. And ever seek its people more.  
And bold Adventure lures them on  
To seek the fairer lands, the newer strands.  
Westward! Westward! To the Pacific's shore.

### EPISODE III

#### THE PERIOD OF CONFLICT AND EXPANSION

##### A. Conflict between British troopers and Colonists.

*Enter two women with little boy and girl*

ESTHER: We are far from England, Mary.

MARY: But not too far to fear, Esther. Where are the children?  
Elspeth—Elspeth! David!

BOY: Here, mama.

GIRL: See!

*Enter two women in fright. Rush to other women.*

C.: They come, sister.

D.: Aye, fast, and their road leads by my house. Back Esther, to your homes. They are coming fast.

ESTHER: Elinor!

*Enter another woman dragging child after her. Joins group.*

E.: God help us all! They come!

MARY: This way?

C.: This very way.

ESTHER: And our men-----?

MARY: They cannot stop them. Can the scythe make answer to the musket?

*Enter Grey Champion. Approaches women.*

GREY CHAMPION: The scythe will answer to the musket. There's a dreadful magic in a musket-ball, but a Good Cause is the Magic of God. And where God fights, there fight I.

*Musketry*

Retreat, ye women, quickly! Save and hide! Hide and save!

MARY: And you, venerable Stranger; what of yourself?

GREY CHAMPION: I have other strength that ye wot not of. Fear not for me. Go!

*Women exeunt. Little boy sneaks back. Enter the first of the scattered colonists, retreating across stage. Enter British in good marching order.*

THE GREY CHAMPION: Halt.

A BRITISH OFFICER: Disperse, ye rabble, to your homes!

*Shouts of defiance*

A: Back to your king!

B: Hessian hirelings!

C: A royal governor—never!

D: Taxers and enslavers!

E: This is a Beginning. We do not fear the end.

A: King George, never!

D: Representation!

A BRITISH OFFICER: Ready, aim-----

*Little boy runs out in front of muskets.*

GREY CHAMPION *steps before little boy, one hand on breast, one hand uplifted, and says:* Hold, ye Madmen, ye Servitors of Death! Is it so pretty a thing to send men to eternity that ye dally thus with powder and shot? Would I could lift the Veil for you, that ye might see what now I see. Oh, little human lives! children of a day! This man that stands before me here with musket aimed toward my breast—I see him, see his face—closed eyes—open mouth—bloodless cheeks—and the pale moon upon his still white throat. He shall not see tomorrow's sun sink from the skies. *Man's musket sinks and terror shows on face.* Oh, Captain, turn your men about. They do not know the Cause against which they fight, they do not see the outcome of the fray—nor the Dark Shadow resting on their arm. Back, I tell ye, back! I hear wailing in England!



*Murmuring among British troops. Officers in consultation.*  
MINOR OFFICER: The men say they will not advance further!  
OFFICER: Do they defy my command!!  
M. O.: They say that yonder speaker is not of this world.--  
OFFICER: And thou? What sayest thou?  
M. O.: I have seen his eyes! I fear his words! I think the men are right!  
OFFICER: About face! Ready! March!

*Exeunt*

GREY CHAMPION: Oh, friends of mine, strong of limb, but stronger in your sense of Right—have courage to endure! Though we plunge into Night, yet doth Time bring the Dawn. There will be bloodshed, there will be tears, and homes rent asunder. I see bloody feet on winter snows. I see a face, strong but humble before God, the face of him who shall guide our People to the end. And forming, ever forming in all its stately pageantry, something grand and new—Freedom—the People's will—Democracy—'tis more than that—I can not read it all, nor read it all aright. Yet may God grant my years still cling to this old frame until I see It realized. Oh, men, ye are building a great Thing. Ye cannot see—but I can—dimly. Have courage! Be ye ready!

B. Rout from Concord

*Enter several old men and old women. Point excitedly.*

*Enter a messenger dashing across stage. He is halted by one of the old men.*

MESSENGER: Do not stop me, old man, for I carry good news and good news should travel fast.

OLD MAN: Good news? What news?

MESS.: The British have been defeated at Concord and are even now on the retreat. Stand, and ye may see, but stay me not.

OLD WOMAN: They come!

*All hide behind shrubbery.*

*Enter British, dusty and haggard, out of order, drum unslung, guns trailing, some helping wounded, one falls, comrades help him to his feet. Move off.*

*Enter Colonials, Grey Champion leading; some in uniform, some with guns, scythes, pitch-forks, but all in order. Colors flying.*

*Old woman rushes up to one wounded.*

GREY CHAMPION: They flee; and we pursue. Let us finish the work we have begun! The road is long! Forward!

*March off leaving old woman and son.*

SON: I am but slightly wounded mother. There is no hurt. We have but begun. I must follow where he leads!

OLD WOMAN: And who is he?

SON: I do not know. I think he is a spirit.—The spirit of—Revolution!  
*Kisses her. Exit. Old people move off in direction of soldiers.*

C. The freeing of the 13 colonies and the prophetic vision of the Early States.

*Bugle off stage and enter British soldiers. Enter Colonial soldiers. Enter Gen. O'Hara and aides. Enter Washington and aides.*

O'HARA: Lord Cornwallis presents his deepest respects to General Washington and regrets exceedingly that an unforeseen indisposition prevents his appearing here today. He has requested me -----

WASHINGTON: Extend my deepest sympathy to Lord Cornwallis. Tell him I trust his indisposition is of but brief duration. As for the matters of the moment, I have empowered General Lincoln here to act as my representative. He will treat with you fully, and courteously, I am sure.

*Washington withdraws*

O'HARA to Gen. Lincoln: To you, sir, Lord Cornwallis, as commander-in-chief of the Royal forces of King George in America, presents his sword in token of surrender, and with it the troops, arms, captives, plunder, and other accessories as stipulated in the capitulation agreement.

GEN. LINCOLN: In the name of George Washington, commander-in-chief of the Colonial army, and of the Thirteen Colonies United, I receive from you the sword of Lord Cornwallis, commander of the royal forces in America as token of full and final surrender.

*Receives sword*

But merely as a token sir. It is a gallant sword, and only fitted to swing at the side of a gallant general. Return the sword to Lord Cornwallis, and with it go the kindest feelings on the part of General Washington.

O'HARA *receiving sword*: Lord Cornwallis will appreciate the courtesy. Have you selected the place of disarmament?

GEN. LINCOLN: My adjutant will escort you to the chosen place straightway.

*Exeunt soldiers.*

#### TABLEAU

Britannia with thirteen women, bowed and grouped in star fashion about her.

Columbia with 35 women in same position about her.

Britannia lifts arm. Columbia outstretches hands.

The thirteen rise and move in stately way to Columbia, bow before her.

Massachusetts steps forward. Inquires and points finger toward bowed veiled figures.

MASSACHUSETTS: Fair Mother Freedom, Columbia, what figures be these many that gather at thy feet in adoration?

*Columbia signs for them to rise*

COLUMBIA: These, dear child, O Pilgrim Massachusetts—these too, are thy sisters, albeit, yet unborn. Children that I sometime hence shall bear in hardship as I move to Westward lands until I stand before the waters of the Peaceful Sea. Then shall I rest, and they and ye shall care for me and I shall be honored in your love.

*Meanwhile Colonists slowly filter in*

I would have you look upon them now, that later ye may know them. They are but visions. Yet they call and you and many of your stalwart sons must heed their Call or ever they may grow and bloom to perfect sisterhood. Look well upon them: their features are my features; their features are thy features; blood of my blood as ye are blood of my blood.

Arise, Visions of the children of my later years, appear and call!

Dance of the thirty-five Future States

FIRST COLONIAL: A strange symbol, verily.  
 2ND COLONIAL: A wreath, a name,—whose name?  
 1ST COLONIAL: ABRAHAM—LINCOLN.  
 2ND COLONIAL: And who is he?  
 1ST COLONIAL: I do not know.  
 2ND COLONIAL: Some great man in the years to be?  
 1ST COLONIAL: Possibly, I do not know.

\*

A SPEAKER: They are fair, these Westward Maidens, and their charms allure. But we have suffered these years past. We are tired. And a bench beside the home-hearth is stronger than the siren call to toils anew. What say ye men? Do I speak aright?

ALL COLONIALS: Aye, aye, that ye do!

COLUMBIA: My Westward Daughters, ye are young, too young to well display your charms. Therefore shall I speak for ye—in more persuasive mood.

*Clasps hands*

*Enter the Spirit of the West (a girl) and the Spirit of Adventure (a boy)*

COLUMBIA: Come, O Spirit of the Great Far West! And thou ever-living Spirit of Adventure, undying in the Heart of Man—Dance before us here assembled, that these laggards, cool of heart, may read your Message and, awakened, answer to the Call. Ye twain, advance!

*Dance of Spirit of West  
and of the Spirit of  
Adventure.*

\*

SPIRIT OF WEST: Behold the Flag! Westward and yet Westward shall it move until it looks upon the quiet waters of the vast Pacific—and thou, thou art its Bearer. Come! *They go off.*

*Colonials divide and mingle following the 13 states. Grey Champion leads Westward.*

COLUMBIA steps forward, raises hands and music starts up.

Curtain

End of Episode III.



**COLONIAL GROUP**

Frances Ellison, Jack Howlett  
and Isabelle Pope



## INTRODUCTION TO EPISODE IV. *The Chronicler*

And Westward, ever westward turn their steps,  
And Westward, ever westward turn their thoughts  
Until Adventure lures the white man on  
To seek the shores of that far-distant sea.  
The mild Pacific and its gentle clime.  
Let us precede their van and seek the lands  
Of our own birth and there behold arrive  
The first of those undaunted men who sought  
Our land. That priest magnificent of France,  
Our Père Marquette, of Jesuits the best  
Who dared endure the dangers and the toil,  
And brave grim Death and tortures fiend-conceived.  
Then bold LaSalle and Tonti who for France  
Alone had striven, yet ours was the gain  
As they first found these lands and sought their paths.  
And then that woodsman, peer of all who trod  
The forests of America, who led  
A little force to mighty victory,  
The hunter-captain, Rogers Clark. And then  
We wait the van of those who forward press  
To gain for us a mighty, fertile land.

## EPISODE IV

### A. Adventure and Progress in the West.

#### 1. *Marquette and Joliet.*

*A group of Indians, among whom the chief or Sachem stands out.*

*A messenger enters and stands before the Great Sachem*

SACHEM: What word do you bring us, young man with feet like the wind?

MESSENGER *pointing southward*: The Black-Gown.

*A number of Indian children come running in after the messenger, looking behind them. All eyes turn in that direction. After a slight pause, Marquette enters, followed by Joliet and five Frenchmen, bearing packs and canoes.*

MARQUETTE: I am welcome?

GREAT SACHEM: I thank thee, Black-Gown, and thee, Frenchman, for the honor of your coming. Never shone the sun so tenderly as today; never rustled the ripe corn so pleasantly as now, since you are with us. Our river, that was so angry at the rocks which chafed it, flows calm and silent, since the canoes of the white men have passed. Behold, Black-Gown, I give thee my little son, that thou mayest know my heart. Thou art beloved of the Great Spirit. Ask him to cherish me and my people.

MARQUETTE *to Joliet*: Here, Louis, is my mission.

JOLIET: In all our travels, we have seen no chief so gracious, no people so well-favored for the work of the Church. It may be, father, thou art right.

GREAT SACHEM: Black-Gown, one medicine I ask of thee. The palefaces have given their thunder weapons to our enemies, the Miamis. Give us also weapons, that we may defend our lodges and our women.

MARQUETTE: If I gave you weapons you would kill the Miamis, who are my children also.

GREAT SACHEM: We would defend our hunting grounds.

MARQUETTE: I bring you another word, my son—a word of peace.

*The Great Sachem turns aside to consult with his old men, and Marquette makes a sign to his followers, who go off, all save Joliet, who comes forward with the Jesuit.*

MARQUETTE: Louis, my friend, I have come to the end of my journey. Thou hast been to me the trustiest shield, the cheeriest comrade. I have loved thee well, and while yet I live thy name shall not fail my prayers. But here thou art to leave me.

JOLIET: While yet thou livest? What does that mean, Father?

MARQUETTE: We have passed over many streams, and many portages. We have seen the Great River, and the Pictured Rocks, and the lake of the Illinois. No other Frenchman has seen them. Behold, how great a field for the Church, how wide a domain for the Cross. Louis, I have before me the task of my destiny, and I must not shrink.

JOLIET: Nor do I shrink, Father. I will stay by thee.

MARQUETTE: Nay, my son. I have seen thine eyes wet when our carriers sang their songs of France. I have seen thee wistful, even to tears, when we have spoken of Quebec, the home thou didst leave to come with me. No, Louis. Thou shalt go on. I will remain. It is only for a little while.

JOLIET: It is true, I have longed for home.

MARQUETTE: I knew it, Louis.

THE GREAT SACHEM *coming forward again*: Black-Gown, dost thou refuse the weapons to me and my people?

MARQUETTE *going back to the group of carriers, who have brought in a great cross of white birch wood*: My children, I have for you no weapons. I desire that you shall live at peace with the Miamis, and the Iroquois, and all the forest people.

GREAT SACHEM: Then I and my tribes are to be slain, and thou wilt do naught to help us?

MARQUETTE: I will bring you my faith, as my brothers have taken it to the Miamis.

*A threatening murmur arises among the Indians, and some of the young men move toward Marquette.*

GREAT SACHEM: And will thy faith shield us from our foes?

MARQUETTE: Yea, truly it will, for it is the faith of peace, and love. Behold, here I set up this cross for a sign.

GREAT SACHEM. The rains will rot it down, and the snows will cover it.

MARQUETTE: Not so, for it shall be in your hearts.

*He leans heavily on Joliet's shoulder, and it is seen that he is very weak in body.*

GREAT SACHEM: Thy medicine, Black-Gown, means nothing to us. We wish to know thee and thy Manitou; we were ready to be thy children, and thou dost offer us a sign of birch wood.

MARQUETTE: I bring you more than a sign, for I bring you truth. I will teach you of the life that dies not, and of the true God, and of the Holy Church; I will teach you of the creation, and the redemption, and of the Blessed Virgin; I will make plain to you the law of Christ, which is the law of love. Kneel down, all you who seek the truth. Here I set the Cross, and here, while I may, I will abide.

*The Indians fall on their knees, as the light gradually fades. At last only Père Marquette and the Great Sachem are left standing; then the Indian kneels, and the light falls wholly from the scene.*

LaSalle and Tonti

*Enter LaSalle and his party; there are Frenchmen and Indians. Some bargain with the Indians, buying the furs. LaSalle walks apart with Tonti. A group of the Frenchmen approach LaSalle, their hats in their hands. A Voyageur speaks for the group.*

VOYAGEUR: We are come to ask, does the Sieur de la Salle intend to go further down the river?

LA SALLE: He does.

VOYAGEUR: The river is filled with dangers. No Frenchman has lived to follow it to its end. There is a great waterfall——

LA SALLE: I have heard these tales before.

VOYAGEUR: The trade is good here and to the northward.

LA SALLE: We go on to the South.

VOYAGEUR: The Sieur de la Salle speaks for himself, we are afraid.

LA SALLE: You have nothing to fear, save my anger.

*Others have gathered behind the Voyageur; their demeanor at this becomes more openly rebellious.*

VOYAGEUR: It is not just. We must look to our own lives. We dare not go on.

LA SALLE: Do I not command here?

TONTI: No man may question the authority of the Sieur de la Salle.

LA SALLE: You ask me to turn back. You are afraid. The wealth of these rivers is ours for the taking. These lands are ours for the claiming. For this I have waited, and planned, and fought. Do you think I will turn back because my boatmen are afraid?

VOYAGEUR: Our lives are our own. We will not go on.

*LaSalle turns and faces them, drawing his sword.*

LA SALLE: Frenchmen, our lives are in the service of the King. We go on a voyage of glory, to claim for him this river and all its tributaries, to win for him an empire. I will follow this river to the sea. not for myself, not for you who go with me, but for France! Long live the King!

TONTI and others who have gathered behind him: Long live the King!

LA SALLE: Forward!

*The Voyageur and his followers face LaSalle for a moment, their heads drop, and they take up their packs.*





#### INDIAN GROUP

Richard Ummach, Albert  
Marthens, Edward Beloian  
and Katherine Newman

#### George Rogers Clark at Kaskaskia

*Kaskaskia, a grove in the village. Laughing groups of habitants, in festal array, come in with flowers to decorate the scene of the dance. They bring two small canopied booths, which are set up, one at each side of the stage for refreshments and for the fiddler. At the back of the stage they erect a floral arch or doorway, through which, as soon as it is set up, come the two Provosts of the ball, who are to be the masters of ceremony. They instantly set to work ordering the guests, marshalling the girls along the left side of the stage, and the men along the right, enforcing their authority in the most courteous manner with verbal instructions. The scene is to be carried by all concerned in a key of decorous gayety.*

THE PROVOSTS seating the guests in order: Pray you, monsieur, —pray you, mademoiselle.

*Enter Commandant Rocheblave, with a guest, a young Englishman dressed in the height of fashion.*

THE PROVOSTS: Welcome to you, monsieur le Commandant. We are honored supremely.

ROCHEBLAVE: Gentlemen, allow me to present my friend, Mr. Raycliff.

A PROVOST: We are enchanted. Monsieur Raycliff is an Englishman?

MR. RAYCLIFF: A traveller.

ROCHEBLAVE: We are all in the English service, Mr. Raycliff. At your service.

THE PROVOSTS: By your permission, monsieur le Commandant, the dance may begin?

*Rocheblave nods, and the Provosts confer aside. A coureur de bois enters, and goes immediately to the Commandant.*

COUREUR: Captain, I beg to report——

ROCHEBLAVE: Wait till the dance is begun. I have a guest——

THE COUREUR: It is in haste. The Long Knives are up the river in force. They are coming down upon us, I am told.

MR. RAYCLIFF: Long Knives?

ROCHEBLAVE: The Americans, he means. I have heard this tale before. It is not possible.

THE COUREUR: I have reported, monsieur le Commandant. They say that Clark commands them—Clark of Virginia.

*Mr. Raycliff is visibly alarmed. Rocheblave comforts him.*

ROCHEBLAVE: Be off, you'll alarm the ladies.

*Exit the coureur de bois*

These tales come every day. We no longer pay attention, Mr. Raycliff.

*Enter the Fiddler. General murmur of approval. Rocheblave and his guests take seats and the Provosts select the dancers inviting them forward and lining them up at the back, in couples. Seven couples have thus been called forward. The Provost at the right selects a young Frenchman; the Provost at the left selecting a young lady. The man comes forward, but the lady stands still, very proud and rebellious.*

PROVOST: Pray you, mademoiselle.

THE YOUNG LADY: No, monsieur le Provost, I will not dance.

THE PROVOST: Mademoiselle, the gavotte waits; monsieur attends.

*A gesture at the waiting swain*

THE YOUNG LADY: It is not that I have two years been chosen queen of the king's balls. It is, that I do not choose.

THE PROVOST: This is most unusual, mademoiselle. Most unusual.

THE YOUNG LADY: I do not choose to dance with the gentleman you have called. Besides, Monsieur le Commandant has a guest. Do the honored provosts know that he does not dance?

THE PROVOST *speechless with rage*: Mademoiselle!

THE YOUNG LADY: I have not heard the Provosts inquire of the guest. I do not know he does not wish to dance. Why not ask him? I will wait.

ROCHEBLAVE *coming forward*: Monsieur le Provost, I have a guest. May I beg for him the honor of a dance?

*Turns to the rejected partner*

Monsieur, you place me perpetually in your debt. I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your kindness to my guest, Mr. Raycliff. Again I thank you.

*The Provost leads Mr. Raycliff forward, and presents him. The young lady makes him a deep bow, makes an ironical curtsey to the Provost,*

and the dance begins. The crowd has gathered, till all sides of the stage are crowded with guests, settlers, soldiers, and Indians. At the back, however, there is still an open space, through which the shadowy figures of Clark's men can be seen marching past, their rifles in their hands. Enter unnoticed, George Rogers Clark, in the uniform of a Virginia Colonel, except that his boots are missing, and he wears moccasins. When the figure of the dance permits, he saunters over and leans against the tree, right center. An Indian, who has been sitting on the ground leaning against the tree, spies him and darts out, standing straight before him for an instant. Then the Indian whirls suddenly, and runs over to Rocheblave.

THE INDIAN: The Long Knives!

THE COUREUR DE BOIS *rushing in center*: The Americans! We are surrounded.

ROCHEBLAVE *coming down to confront Clark*: Who are you, sir?

CLARK: Colonel Clark, at your service.

*At the words the crowd is seized with terror, and everything is in confusion. Women scream, men shout, and in the distance the war-whoop of the Indians is heard.*

ROCHEBLAVE: Insolence! Men, this gentleman is our prisoner.

CLARK: By the authority of Patrick Henry, Governor of Virginia. You are surrounded, Captain. Your sword.

ROCHEBLAVE: By whose authority do you come here?

*As the French soldiers move forward, the Americans rush in and surround Clark, threatening the others with swords and pistols.*

CLARK: Gentlemen, I pray you, continue your entertainment. I speak for the Governor of Virginia. Monsieur Rocheblave, I must again demand your sword.

ROCHEBLAVE: I will not surrender my garrison to your night-prowlers. I will not-----

CLARK: Put this man under guard. Disarm him. Search the town, and bring me all the Britishers you find. I'll know whether we are to be openly defied or not. Let all keep within their houses, on pain of death, till I order otherwise.

*The guests have been departing hastily during the scene, the men conducting the ladies out. Clark watches them go, his face lowering. At the last, the fiddler comes over to him, bows humbly, and offers his greeting.*

THE FIDDLER: Monsieur the new Commandant, I trust you will not forget me, when you desire that there shall be a dance, for the people of the post.

CLARK: I shall call on you, Monsieur.

*Enter Père Gibault*

PERE GIBAUT *frightened but intent upon his duty*: Is this the American commander?

CLARK: I am Colonel Clark, at your service.

PERE GIBAUT: I am a man of peace, monsieur le Commandant, and know nothing of your war. I speak for my people, who are loyal subjects. I am called Père Gibault.

CLARK: I am glad to meet you sir.



PERE GIBAULT: I have come to speak for my people, Monsieur le Commandant, I must know what their fate is to be. Are they to be the slaves of the Americans?

CLARK: You do not understand, Mr. Gibault. We have come to free these people, not to enslave them. They are to be citizens, not subjects. Mr. Gibault, ours is a war for liberty, for justice. I must have order among your people. But they are free, now, as they never were before.

PERE GIBAULT: And they are not to be driven from their homes by your "Long Knives?"

CLARK: Certainly not.

PERE GIBAULT: And they are not even to lose their property?

CLARK: Not a penny.

PERE GIBAULT: Tell me, Monsieur Clark, are they to be allowed to come to worship as they were?

CLARK: We have nothing to do with churches, save to defend them from insult. By the laws of Virginia, your religion has as great privileges as any other.

PERE GIBAULT: Monsieur Clark, my son, I am overwhelmed at your kindness. I am already, in my heart, a citizen of Virginia. I must tell my people.

*He starts to go, but returns*

Though I know nothing of the temporal business, I can give them some advice, in the spiritual way, that shall be conducive to your cause. God bless you, Monsieur Clark.

*Exit Père Gibault*

*The fiddler comes back, having lingered*

THE FIDDLER: I see that it will be necessary for me to play to-night. Our people will want music. I hear them already singing.

CLARK: You shall fiddle to-night under the flag of Virginia, sir. Strike your strings.

*As he speaks, the townspeople flock back, cheering and exultant. They cross the stage and go on, taking Clark with them.*

End of Episode IV

#### INTRODUCTION TO EPISODE V. *The Chronicler*

Marquette is gone, the days of Tonti passed,  
The bold LaSalle and Rogers Clark are dead.  
The forests which they knew alike are gone,  
But we instead of forest walls behold  
The rapid-growing cities rise to fame,  
And woodlands stubbornly o'ercome by axe.  
And as the forest yields to greater things  
And field and woodland cede their treasured lands  
To cities and the first of mighty states,  
So yields the glory of the heroes dead  
To that of one whom first we see a boy  
Within the confines of the sullen woods

Which had not yet to Man their forests yielded.  
Then as a youth we mark him, note each act  
And view the progress of a soul to Greatness.  
And then as Statesman we behold him, grown  
To heights of honor, with a heart sublime.  
He scales the slippery ladder of our Faith,  
And martyred, hated, vilified, yet loved  
Beyond the wont of mortal man, he stands  
Of all our heroes he most perfect seems.  
With reverence be said his name, which lives  
Not in the pages of a musty tome  
But in the hearts of all: Our deathless Lincoln.

## DANCE OF YANKEE DOODLE AND DIXIE

### EPISODE V

*Enter the Spirit of the West and the Spirit of Adventure.*

THE SPIRIT OF ADVENTURE: Many have I persuaded to seek the richness and promise of thy kingdom, O Spirit of the West.

THE SPIRIT OF THE WEST: Here is my realm, a country new and full of promise, many seek fortune and fame, and many find it.

*She looks in the direction from which the Lincoln family soon approaches.*  
Hither comes one who is to be my chiefest pride; in him as in no other, I shall delight.

A. The Life of Lincoln in Illinois.

1. The arrival of the Lincoln family.

*The Lincoln family enters, they carry bundles and utensils as tho' they had just descended from the wagon which had brought them to Illinois.*

*They pause for a moment to rest and to readjust their burdens.*

THOMAS LINCOLN: It's been a long way, Nancy, and you and Abe have been uncomplaining.

NANCY LINCOLN: I'd have no right to complain, Thomas, if it means better times for you and the boy. *She puts her hand on Abe's shoulder.*

THOMAS LINCOLN *pointing in the direction of the sun*: Yonder across the brook is a place for our cabin, Nancy, and Abe is big enough and strong enough to help.-----

ABE LINCOLN: That I am, father. It won't take long for two of us.

*Thomas Lincoln smiles, and they arise, Abe holding out his hands to assist his mother. They pick up their burdens, and go off.*

An event of Lincoln's boyhood.

*Group of boys enter, aged 10 to 14. They are talking excitedly as they come on. Lincoln and another boy who is noticeably taller are the center of interest. By pantomime they show that the group is discussing the relative prowess of the two. Each doubles up his fist, feels his own and the other's muscle, and the crowd shows by boyish shouts that Lincoln is the better man.*

FIRST BOY: You're bigger than Abe, but Abe can lick you.

SECOND BOY *discovering a stone imbedded in the ground: See which of you can muscle this. He kicks at the stone with his bare foot.*

*Lincoln's rival tugs at the stone, loosens it, attempts to muscle it, but fails. Lincoln raises it easily and without much effort muscles it. He drops it amid the shouts of the boys.*

*While Lincoln extends his hand, one of the boys snatches a small book from his pocket. Lincoln dashes after the boy, but stumbles; the boy reads before Lincoln can pick himself up.*

Abraham Lincoln  
His name and pen.  
He will be good but  
God knows when.

Lincoln and Jack Armstrong

*Lincoln about the age of seventeen. With him a group of boys of about his own age.*

JACK ARMSTRONG, a bully—he swaggers up to Lincoln and his friends, and says aggressively: You're all down on me, you are, and I'll show you whether I'll take anything off of you or not. There ain't none of you Jack Armstrong can't lick.

*Here he cuffs the boy who is notably the slightest of the group. The boy is game, but cannot hold his own against his opponent.*

*Lincoln peels off his coat, separates the two, and gets the better of Armstrong, who measures his length on the ground. His lip is bleeding when he arises, and as he wipes his coat or shirt sleeve across his mouth, Lincoln pulls a bandana handkerchief out of his pocket. Armstrong accepts it rather abashed, and mops his lips with it. The boys the while are talking among themselves.*

FIRST BOY: Didn't I tell you.

SECOND BOY: Coward!!

THIRD BOY: I knew he'd pick on a little fellow.

ARMSTRONG at length handing back his bandana says: Thanks Abe, I, I—

LINCOLN *advancing says: Look here, Jack, let's be friends. Armstrong holds back, and Lincoln advances a step or two.*

*Yes, let's be friends. We'll all be your friends, won't we boys?*

*The boys, most of them, assent, but with varying degrees of generosity. Two or three show themselves entirely unwilling.*

*But, if we're to be your friends, you're going to pick your fights with big fellows like me.*

*Slapping his chest, and looking generally aggressive.*

*And not with little shavers like Sammy here.*

*He lays his arm across the little shaver's shoulders.*

*Lincoln, his left arm about Sammy's shoulder, extends his right hand to Armstrong, who hesitates yet a moment longer, and impulsively shakes Lincoln's hand.*

LINCOLN rather banteringly: Come on fellows. You start, Sammy.

*Sammy who is two inches shorter than Armstrong, offers his hand, and the other boys cast admiring glances in Lincoln's direction. Two or three shake Armstrong's hand. Exeunt.*



Lincoln is chosen captain in the Blackhawk raid.

*Groups of people. Lincoln among them, come on stage from all directions, talking among themselves with suppressed excitement.*

*Among the hum of voices, can be distinguished the words*

Indians!

We must fight.

Blackhawk.

*Almost immediately comes a messenger with the governor's proclamation of war. He steps up on a stump which elevates him somewhat above the crowd, and reads.*

To the Militia of the Northwest Section of the state. Fellow citizens: Your country requires your services. The Indians have assumed a hostile attitude and have invaded the state in violation of a treaty of last summer.

The British band of Sacs and other hostile Indians, headed by Blackhawk are in possession of Rock River country to the terror of the frontier inhabitants. I consider the settlers on the frontier to be in imminent danger.

I am in possession of the above information from gentlemen of respectable standing, and also from Gen. Atkinson, whose character stands high with all classes.

In possession of the above facts and information, I have hesitated not as to the course I should pursue. No citizen ought to remain inactive when his country is invaded and the helpless part of the community are in danger. I have called out a strong detachment of militia to rendezvous at Beardstown on the 22nd instant.

Provision for the men, and food for the horses will be furnished in abundance.

I hope my countrymen will realize my expectation and offer their service as heretofore, with promptitude and cheerfulness in defense of their country.

A PROMINENT CITIZEN *advances toward the messenger*: We will always protect our homes and families from aggression. I am no longer young, but I offer myself gladly to the cause of-----

*Amazement among the people, and a noticeably quickened interest is shown by the younger men.*

THE MESSENGER *still standing above the people*: You have heard the decision of your friend; what will your answer be?

*The young men advance toward the messenger and the elderly citizen.*

*At this moment, the figure of the Grey Champion is seen standing by, looking on with silent approval. He is not seen by the crowd.*

A YOUNGER MAN: We have no time to lose. I move we organize at once.

*Shouts of approval*

A SECOND YOUNG MAN: Whom will you have for your captain?

*There is a moment of silence during which the young men confer in small groups, then the first young man advances.*

FIRST YOUNG MAN: Abraham Lincoln. He has the respect of us all.

THE MESSENGER: Here is your captain; he is your own choice. I commend the captain to his men, and the men to their captain.

Lincoln bows rather gravely, and the crowds press toward him to congratulate him. They pass off, leaving the little group of principals, Lincoln, the governor's messenger, the old man, the younger man, the second young man and the grey champion.

As they start to go off, Lincoln stops for a moment and turns about in the direction of the Grey Champion but after a second's hesitation shows that he is only half conscious of the Grey Champion's presence, and so turns to the two younger men and they go off stage, showing in pantomime that they are laying plans. The Grey Champion follows slowly.

Period of the Civil War.

1. Lincoln's Farewell to his Friends.

Off stage is heard band music, "See the Conquering Hero Comes." Crowds in the dress of the 60's stand expectantly looking in the direction from which Lincoln soon appears. He is accompanied by two or three men somewhat older than himself. There are shouts of "Lincoln", and Lincoln steps forward, holds out his hand for silence, and after considerable pause, begins.

LINCOLN: My friends, no one not in my situation can appreciate my feeling of sadness at this parting. To this place and the kindness of these people, I owe everything. Here I have lived a quarter of a century and have passed from a young to an old man. Here my children have been born, and one is buried. I now leave, not knowing when or whether ever I may return, with a task before me greater than that which rested upon Washington. Without the assistance of that Divine Being who ever attended him, I cannot succeed. With that



WOMEN OF 1860  
Josephine Demski, Jean  
Mitchell, Elizabeth Walkey  
and Bernice Schur

assistance I cannot fail. Trusting in Him, who can go with me and remain with you, and be everywhere for good, let us confidently hope that all will yet be well. To His care commending you, as I hope in your prayers you will commend me, I bid you an affectionate farewell. *A moment of dead silence, then Lincoln, followed by the Grey Champion who has come on quietly during the progress of the speech, goes off. They are followed by the Spirit of the North and the Spirit of the South.*

*The crowd disperses silently in small groups.*

## INTERLUDE

*On the dimly lighted stage a group of soldiers sing "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" and "Tenting Tonight."*

Gen. Lee Surrenders to Gen. Grant.

*Scene, the McLean house at Appomattox Court House.*

*General Lee and Col. Marshall are conversing in low tones as they await the coming of General Grant. They have papers which they finger as they wait.*

*Lee arises, and he and Grant shake hands.*

LEE: I remember you well, in the old army.

GRANT: And I you, but I scarcely dared hope that you would recall me, as there was some difference in our years and rank.

LEE: One never forgets such a soldier.

GRANT: I had not thought I had attracted your attention sufficiently to be remembered after so long an interval.

LEE: And after all these years—we meet again. *He pauses for a moment, but displays no emotion.* I have asked for this interview for the purpose of knowing from you the terms you propose to give my army.

GRANT *raising his hand in a deprecatory manner*: Merely that they shall lay down their arms, and not take them up again during the continuance of the war unless duly and properly exchanged.

LEE: So I understood from your letter. *He glances at the letter which he holds.* Will you write out those terms?

GRANT: Gen. Parker, my order book.

*Gen. Parker hands a manifold order book to Grant who writes. Grant and Parker discuss a point after Grant has finished, and Parker makes a correction or two, then hands the three sheets to Lee. Lee reads the terms.*

LEE: Your orders concerning the side arms and the horses of the officers are most generous; it will have a happy effect upon my army.

*After a pause*

Our army is not organized precisely as yours; our cavalymen and artillerists own their own horses. Does your generous offer apply to these?

GRANT: Not as it stands, but I shall be glad to modify it. Without their horses your men will not be able to put in crops to carry themselves and their families through the winter.

LEE: You cannot know the effect of your action on my army.

*Grant modifies the order. Lee goes to the table, and writes out his acceptance of Grant's terms. While copies of the letters are made, the various members of Grant's staff are presented severally to Lee.*



LEE *having received his copies of the two documents is about to leave, but stops:* My army is in very bad condition for want of food, and we are entirely without forage. My men have lived for days on parched corn. I shall have to ask you for rations.

GRANT: As for forage, we have been depending on the country, but for rations—certainly; for how many men?

LEE: About twenty-five thousand.

GRANT: Our trains are at Appomattox, where your commissary and quartermaster will find provisions.

LEE: You are very generous.—

GRANT *to Gen. Parker:* Send the following message at once *dictating:* Headquarters, Appomattox C. H., Va., April 9th, 1865; 4:30 P. M. Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, Washington. Gen. Lee surrendered the Army of Northern Virginia this afternoon on terms proposed by myself. The accompanying additional correspondence will show conditions fully. U. S. Grant, Lieut.-General.

*Grant's staff in pantomime show their pleasure at their chief's victory, and they withdraw.*

*A group of women and children come on singing the last stanza of The Battle Hymn of the Republic.*

*The dance of the Union of the Spirit of the North and the Spirit of the South. As the dance progresses Lincoln and the Grey Champion come on. They observe the dance, and a smile lights up the sad face of Lincoln.*

End of Episode V.



Jean Mitchell as a child  
of Lincoln's time

#### INTRODUCTION TO EPISODE VI. *The Chronicler*

The tale is told of our stern birth and now  
Behold the tale of how those virtues old  
Have tempered us to rise, a mighty race  
And face the tribulations of grim strife  
Undaunted by the evil force of ill.  
The test was great and great was the reply  
That showed we not unworthy were of those  
Who first conceived this nation's might  
And strove to build a stately land of good  
And to create a race who believe in right.

EPISODE VI.  
THE PRESENT

*Tableau.*

Three principal figures: center, Columbia; to one side, Victory; to the other side Charity.

Columbia elevated above the other figures, with arms outstretched.

Victory at whose feet kneel men in uniform, army, navy, marine, aviation, "Y", Red Cross, puts laurels on the brow of the boy nearest her.

Charity with a group of ragged children and a few adults gathered about her.

Grey Champion at one side looking on in silent approval.

Procession of all the figures in the pageant.

EPILOGUE

God of our fathers, God of the ancient days,  
Whose hand this great state sways,  
Lord of our life, and Lord of our nation's might,  
Show us the path of Right.

Our fathers wrought by faithful toil,

By stern and steadfast strife,  
With dauntless hand, courageous heart

This nation's mighty life.

Such virtues may we too possess:

The faith, the hope, the will,  
The stern endeavor, and the power  
To triumph over ill.

God of our fathers, God of the ancient days,  
Guide Thou us on our forefathers' ways.

AMERICA, THE BEAUTIFUL

(Sung by entire cast)

*Tune—"Materna"*

Katherine Lee Bates

Samuel A. Ward

*2nd Verse*

O beautiful for pilgrim feet  
Whose stern impassioned stress  
A thoroughfare for freedom beat  
Across the wilderness!

America! America!  
God mend thine ev'ry flaw,  
Confirm thy soul in self-control,  
Thy liberty in law.

*End of Pageant.*

## MUSIC FOR PAGEANT

Dance of the Winds and the Waves

Prelude ..... Rachmaninoff  
Orchestra

### Episode I

Dutch Song and Dance..... Meisner

Pilgrim Hymn..... Psalm CXXI

### Episode II

Peer Gynt Suite, Ase's Tod..... Grieg

Anitra's Dance..... Grieg

Orchestra

English Folk Song..... Traditional

Maypole Dance..... Traditional

### Episode III

Fife and Drums "Girl I Left Behind Me".....

"Good-night" ..... Nevin

"Swan" ..... Saint Saens

"Columbia the Gem of the Ocean"..... Shaw

Orchestra

### Episode IV

Gavotte ..... Glazounow

Played by Earl Fox.

### Episode V

Military Dance

Dixie ..... Emmet

Yankee Doodle..... Traditional

Stars and Stripes..... Sousa

Orchestra

Off stage "See the Conquering Hero Comes"..... Handel

Band

Songs

Tramp, Tramp, Tramp..... Root

Tenting On the Old Camp Ground..... Kittredge

Boys' Glee Club

### Episode VI

Largo, New World Symphony..... Dvorak

Orchestra



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Mr. Small  
Miss Wright

#### *Finance:*

Mr. Kahler, Chairman  
Mr. Windoes  
Mr. Jackson

#### *Mechanical Arrangements:*

Mr. Biesemeier, Chairman  
Mr. Oakes  
Mr. Patterson

#### *Stage:*

Miss Grover, Chairman  
Mr. Brown  
Mr. Aram

#### *Dancing:*

Miss Sampson, Chairman  
Miss Goodman  
Mr. Jackson

#### *Costumes:*

Miss Murphy, Chairman  
Miss Moschel  
Miss King  
Mr. Jackson

#### *Historical Episodes:*

Miss Cole, Chairman  
Miss Van Horn  
Mr. Warburg

#### *The Book:*

Miss Wilson, Chairman  
Miss Payton  
Miss Wright  
Mr. Small  
Miss Whitfield

### EPISODE DIRECTORS

1st Episode .....	{ Mr. Warburg Miss Van Horn
2d Episode .....	{ Miss Walker Mr. Parker
3d Episode .....	{ Mr. Windoes Miss Price Miss Stewart
4th and 6th Episodes .....	{ Miss Burchard Mr. Edwards
5th Episode .....	{ Miss Hadden Miss Fulton

## CAST OF THE PAGEANT

(In order of appearance)

### DANCE OF WINDS AND WAVES

Andrews, Marguerite  
Heidman, Elizabeth  
Biesemeier, Agnes  
Boots, Ruth  
Bogardus, Margaret  
Burroughs, Grace  
Clyde, Dorothy  
English, Helen  
Donham, Roberta  
Haack, Helen  
Lloyd, Mary  
Lyons, Nina  
Hoffman, Faith

Hostetter, Betty  
MacGlashan, Stjerna  
Markens, Helene  
Newcy, Katherine  
Pope, Elizabeth  
Rice, Betty  
Ryerson, Betty  
Smith, Winifred  
Slosson, Laura  
Stopka, Olga  
Senderhauf, Ethel  
Thompson, Elizabeth  
Woodcock, Doris  
MacRae, Gertrude

## EPISODE I.

### *Pilgrim Men*

Ralph Bellamy, 1st Father  
 Richmond Battey, 2nd Father  
 John McLean, 3rd Father  
 Howe Willis  
 Tom King  
 Harry Mitchell  
 William Child  
 Clyde Peaster  
 Nicholas Samsel

### *Bradford*

Bob Wienecke

### *Standish*

Byron Smith

### *Carver*

Roy Nelson

### *Pilgrim Women*

Ruth Wilson  
 Harriet Haarter  
 Laura Durgin  
 Elizabeth Cullen  
 Katherine Shaw  
 Winifred Mickey

### *Pilgrim Maid*

Ruth Bower

### *Pilgrim Youth*

Cabray Wortley

### *Pilgrim Children*

Ethel Hecht  
 Irma Otten  
 Robert Osgood

Richard Spencer  
 Richard Burke

### *Dutch Adults*

John Corlett, Leader and Burgomaster  
 Mabel Isberg  
 Dorothy Larson  
 Ruth Hawley  
 Margaret Bennett  
 Mildred Tucker  
 Stuart Sherman  
 John McKeighan  
 Bruce Crandall

### *Dutch Children in Dance*

Constance von Weller  
 Mary Lloyd  
 Phyllis Ogan  
 Wilma Cresmer  
 Mabel Forberg  
 Estelle Farley  
 Gertrude Smith  
 Rebecca Wheelock  
 Harold Larson  
 Lawrence Perkins  
 Donald Crawford  
 John Beals  
 David Thayer  
 Robert Budinger  
 William Whitaker

### *Dutch Youth*

Edward Quayle

### *The Grey Champion*

Carleton Varney

## CAST FOR EPISODE II

### *I. Pilgrims in Episode I.*

### *II. Indians*

a. Braves  
 Massasoit—David Delaine  
 Samoset—Richard Ummach  
 Frank Teegarden  
 Raymond Hillinger  
 Highman Boyajian  
 Edward Beloian  
 Laurence Roth  
 Arthur Peck  
 Waldo Wynekoop

### b. Squaws

Helen Findlay  
 Gwendolin Mills  
 Katherine Sherman  
 Virginia Grover  
 Elizabeth Horton

### *III. Death—Pestilence—etc.*

Stjerna McGlashan  
 Grace Burroughs  
 Olga Stopka  
 Helene Markens  
 Faith Hoffman  
 Faith—Louise Durham

### *IV. Old English Folk Dancers*

Lord of May—Cabray Wortley  
 Lady of May—Ruth Bower  
 Mock Priest—Ford Stoddard  
 Soloist—Stewart Lofdahl  
 F. Wheelock  
 F. Wright  
 M. Levi  
 G. Ingersoll  
 W. Muehlberg  
 H. Lundberg  
 D. Brower  
 L. Meyering

### *Maypole Dancers*

Katherine Newman  
 Gertrude Ingersoll  
 Frances Wright  
 Marie Levi  
 Eleanor Marks  
 Marian Mannerud  
 Margaret Backus  
 Florence Wheelock  
 Kermit Bond  
 Harold Lundberg  
 Paul Dever  
 Daniel Brower  
 Wallace Muehlberg

Ralph English  
 Laurie Meyering

### EPISODE III.

Columbia—Marcia Lauer  
Britannia—Marigold Langworthy  
Spirit of the West—Faith Hoffman  
Spirit of Adventure—Dean Stevenson  
Washington—Carl Aspinwall  
Gen. Lincoln—Karl King  
O'Hara—Charles Babcock

#### *Children*

Barbara Campbell  
Kent Stuart  
Revell Chapman

#### *Women*

Elizabeth Jones  
Gertrude Olin  
Frances Ellison  
Elizabeth French  
Jeanette Hollister

#### *Colonists*

Harvey Bowen  
Philip Bright  
Sheldon Klock  
Jas. Carpenter  
Homer Heuchling  
Jos. Howard  
Fred Taylor  
John Holloway

#### *Colonial Soldiers*

Wm. Woodward  
Fred Schur  
Earl Gathercoal  
Glenn Gathercoal  
Philip Joy  
Harry Kuhe  
John Sutter  
Richard Witt

#### *British Soldiers*

Donald Boice  
Fred Harbaugh  
Bob Harbaugh  
Arthur Best  
Jack Hamilton  
Raymond Stephens  
Leonard Ekvall

Major British Officer: Charles Babcock  
Minor British Officer: Kenneth Watson

#### *Old Men*

Wallace Muehlberg  
Frank Reynold  
Walter Pattison  
Messenger: Lafal Markle

#### *Thirteen Original States*

Winifred Adkins  
Elizabeth Siddall  
Dorothy King  
Margaret Williams  
Kathleen Dean  
Elizabeth Waidner  
Agnes Cornell  
Ruth Barnett  
Marge Hyatt  
Edith Adkins  
Dorothy Ross  
Wanda Bruns  
Ethel Pattilo

#### *Ten States in Dance*

Caroline Roberts  
Ruth Boots  
Elizabeth Cumberland  
Bernice Bulley  
Ruth Hancock  
Marion Osten  
Alice Tiplady  
Eva May Johnson  
Dorothy Shippen  
Helena Bradford

#### *Other States*

Marjory Smith  
Gertrude Brown  
Gladys Merrick  
Margaret Hotz  
Elizabeth Franceour  
Martha Stevens  
Eugenia Moore  
Luella Burrows  
Margaret Orde  
Eleanor Hill  
Dorothy Campbell  
Virginia McLeish  
Dorothy Pick  
Helen Suits  
Florence Branson  
Ruthella Morse  
Jessie West  
Marcellite Melind  
Mary Lothrop  
Katherine McClure  
Elizabeth Millar  
Margaret Tawse  
Margaret White  
Marion Eddy  
Katherine Koerper

### EPISODE IV.

#### *Scene I.*

Sachem: David Camelon  
Messenger: Melvin Anderson  
Marquette: Dwight Chapman  
Joliet: Gabriel Spiegel  
Indians: Herbert Reid, Louis Sesterhenn, Harry Anger, Ladislaus Stachel, David Levy, Harold Rice.

Children: Lester Dauber, Kenneth Dowse, Sutton Pennington, Dwight Simmons, Florence Melbye, Ethel Sturgeon, Betty Ryerson.

Frenchmen accompanying Marquette: William Levi, Lawrence McDermott, Kenneth Page, Winfield Taylor, William Tencher, George Channer, Charles McKinney.



*Scene II.*

Voyageur: Lawrence McDermott

La Salle: Giles Weise

Tonti: James Jones

Indians: Same as in Scene I.

Frenchmen: Same as in Scene I.

*Scene III.*

Provosts: Frank Compton, Sheldon Gordon

Commandant Rocheblave: Norman Vissering

Raycliff: George Kershaw

Coureur: Norman Shellman

Mademoiselle: Isabelle Pope

George Rogers Clark: James Gibson

Pere Gibault: Edward Hintzpeter

Fiddler: Earl Fox

Clark's men: Hubert Ambler, John T.

Bell, Sherman Barnett, Ellis Jones,

Tom Hartnett, Herbert Reid, Jos.

Michaels, Wm. Reinbold

Villagers: Philip Bleser, Leslie Rich-

ards, Doug. Boyer, Clifford Smith,

Harry Turner, Rawson Wood, Rus-

sel Ekermann, Ralph Swofford, Joseph

Reinert, William Jordan, Robert Flint.

Ruth Eisendrath, Bernice Hammer,

Mary Hill, Josephine Hicks, Beatrice

Dorothy Shipman, Priscilla Smith,

Pence, Amy Hagen, Wilhelmine Howe,

Isabelle Pope, Marcia Bruch, Eva

May Johnson.

Indians: Same as in Scenes I & II.

Dancers: Isabelle Pope, James Howlett

*Dancers*

Isabelle Pope

Eva Benson

Thelma Comee

Eleanor Kier

Alberta Nystrom

Milera McEldowney

Marion Reese

Winifred Bilsland

Arline Woodcock

James Howlett

Don McGlashan

Fred Parker

William Winslow

Robert De Pau

Robert Ramsay

George Kershaw

Harry Lockner

On-lookers: War Orphans—

Robert Balmes

Paisley Ball

Willard Crandall

Eleanor Clifford

Frances Dennett

Frances Devere

Paul Runnfeldt

Thomas Screen

War Widow: Kathryn Merrill

EPISODE V.

a. Family:

Father: Robert Koretz

Mother: Edwina Vosburgh

Children:

Walter Sanders

Blossom Harvey

Edward Ravenscroft

Mary Gillett

Robert Prentiss

George Martin

b. Small Boys:

Fred Stone

Harry Stone

Robert Danley

Wm. Johnson

Claude Sanders

John Lockett

Richard Cody

Robert McAllen

Roy Welch

Walter Shattuck

Donald Dick

Wm. Holden

c. Big Boy Group:

Marshall Webber

Robert Spaulding

Anthony Rengel (Jack Arm-

strong)

Robert Ricksen

Gilbert Osgood

d. Messenger: George Shipman

Soldiers:

Brownell Bradstreet

James O'Neil

Fred Glover

Willis Strong

Jack Howlett

Frank Sherritt

Harry Bernstein

Arthur Cook

Joe Miller

Merrit Wright

Wm. Fisher

Charles Varney

Arlington Butler: 1st young man

Jack Cullen: 2nd young man

Grant: Wm. Kerr

Lee: Joe Bell

Officers:

George Budd

John Shurtleff

Harvey Wright

Herbert Bartelman

Jack Robertson

Young Negro Messenger: Tom

Brown

Lincolns:

G. Martin

F. Salmen

Mr. Duckles

Dance: Union of North and South:

North: Helen English

South: Gertrude MacRae

Union of North and South

Dixie: Roberta Donham

Yankee Doodle: Hazel Fraser

Stars and Stripes:

E. Whitehill

A. Biesemeier

E. Pope

L. Slossor

O. Stopka

K. Newey

W. Smith

H. Markens

Women for Crowd:

Josephine Demski

Bernice Schur

Florence Scribner

Margit Jacobsen

Marjorie Newberg

Florence Johnson

Theresa Schwind

Mabel Feltman

Mary Evans

Virginia French

Dorothy Troy

Minerva Kraft

Viola Budinger

Betty Hostetter

Louise Steiner

Beatrice Hillinger

Elizabeth Walkey

Dorothy Shantz

Elizabeth Thorsen

Children:

Mary Harper

Helen Harper

Marion Tubbs

Jean Mitchell

#### EPISODE VI.

Columbia: Marcia Lauer

Victory: Marion Montgomery

Charity: Priscilla Lloyd

Soldier: Claude Burbach

Sailor: Tom Black

"Y": Edwin Allen

Aviation: Charles Taylor

Red Cross: Isabel Carlsons

#### ORCHESTRA

##### *First Violin*

Catherine Granquist—Principal

Olivia Fisher

Jessie Lloyd

Dorothy Niles

Earl Fox

Ralph Ortegel

Katherine Hamilton

Olga Reinhold

Bernice Hammer

##### *Second Violin*

Todd Wheeler

Edmund Berglund

Olga Reinhold

Donald McGlashan

Paul Corbett

##### *Cello*

Phillis Barry

Edward Porter

Lee Fetcher

##### *Bass*

Brewster Kimball

Jirah Cole

##### *Clarinet*

Dan. Kohlsaat

Phillip Eisendrath

##### *Bassoon*

Mr. Kahler

##### *Saxophone*

Richard Goble

Carl Aspenwall

##### *Cornet*

Mr. Schumacher

William Jordan

##### *Melophone*

George Shipman

Perry Lieber

Norman Loomis

##### *Tuba*

Frank Shantz

##### *Trombone*

James Melville

##### *Timpani*

Tom Brown

##### *Piano*

Miss Armstrong

H106 78 5467







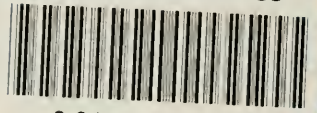


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